

ULTIMATE X-MEN[®]

ISSUE
35

BLOCKBUSTER: PART 2



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MARVEL[®]

Logan



Wolverine

Peter Parker



Spider-Man

BLOCKBUSTER PART TWO

Years ago, a covert military group called Weapon X discovered a mutant blessed with claws and a healing factor. They wiped his memory, coated his skeleton in the unbreakable metal adamantium and turned him into a weapon. This weapon, once known only as Logan, was given a new name... Wolverine.

After years of indentured service to Weapon X, Wolverine escaped and joined the mutant peace-keeping force called The X-Men.

The bite of an genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers: strength, agility, a spider-like sixth sense warning him of personal danger, and most amazing of all- Peter can walk on walls. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum, a night job as a web designer for the Daily Bugle tabloid, a relationship with the beautiful Mary Jane Watson and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man.

PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

Things are bad for Wolverine. After a short time away from The X-Men, Wolverine returned to New York. While eating lunch at a diner, he was gunned down by a mysterious group operating out of diaper service trucks. Seriously wounded, Wolverine made his way to Peter Parker's home in Queens (where he followed Spider-Man home after an earlier encounter) to find a safe place to heal.

Days later, after healing, Wolverine's departure was stopped when he saw the same diaper service trucks that shot him up at the diner across the street from Peter's house. Things just went from bad to worse.



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ULTIMATE X-MEN

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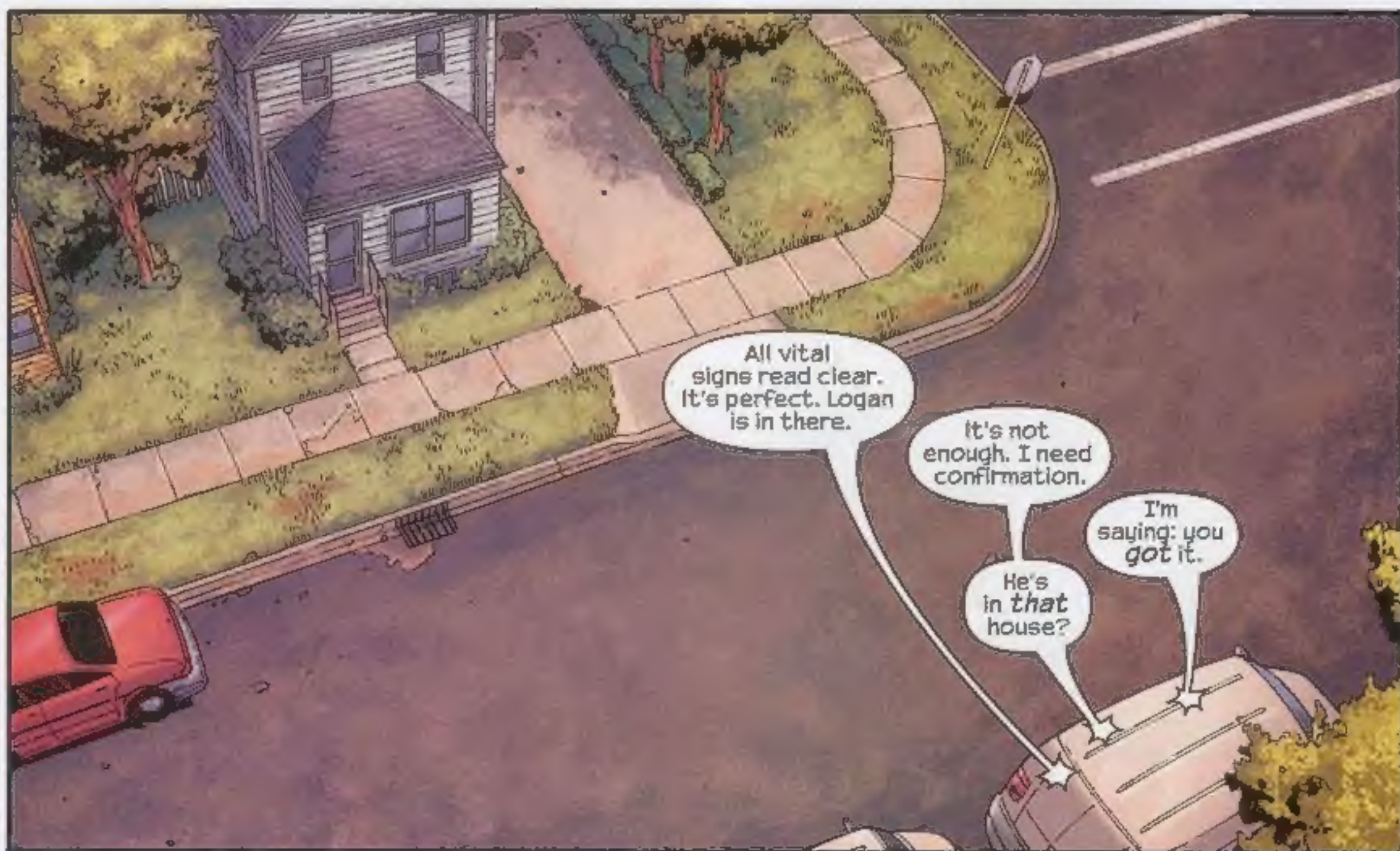
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Scanned by Toker The Kid

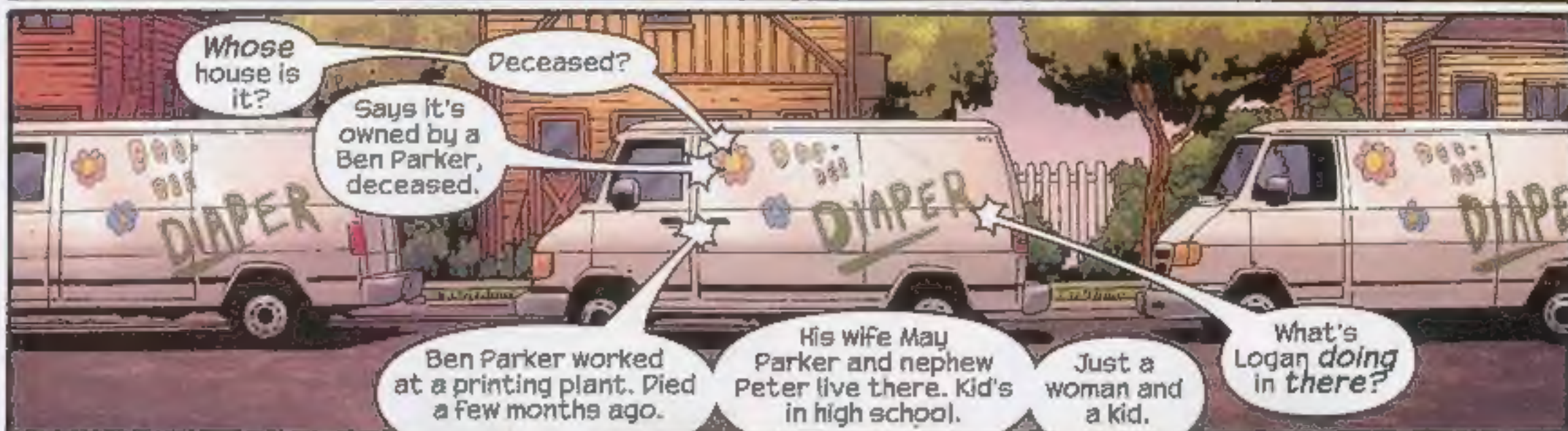


All vital signs read clear. It's perfect. Logan is in there.

It's not enough. I need confirmation.

I'm saying: you got it.

He's in *that* house?



Whose house is it?

Deceased?

Says it's owned by a Ben Parker, deceased.

Ben Parker worked at a printing plant. Died a few months ago.

His wife May Parker and nephew Peter live there. Kid's in high school.

Just a woman and a kid.

What's Logan *doing* in there?



Tara, if I may...

We can blow the house-- make it look like the water heater.

Let me think.

(What's he doing in the middle of Queens?)

Maybe these are his relatives.

Logan *has* no relatives.

Maybe he *does*.

He doesn't.



Maybe this is a secret X-Men thing. Maybe it's a front.

It's a hell of a front.

I got the whole Parker megillah right here. Couldn't be more boring, typical Queens baloney if you tried to make it up.

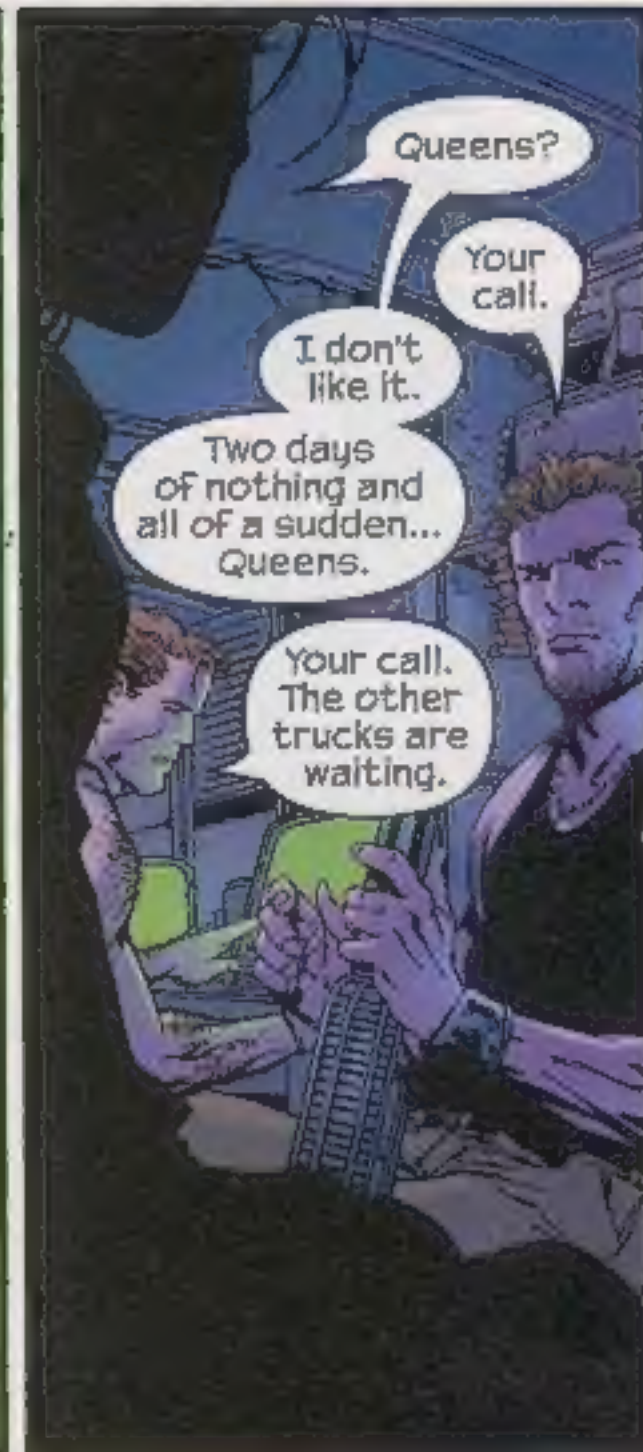


(What's he doing in Queens?)



Well, he's not moving.

Might be asleep. Still unconscious.



Queens?

Your call.

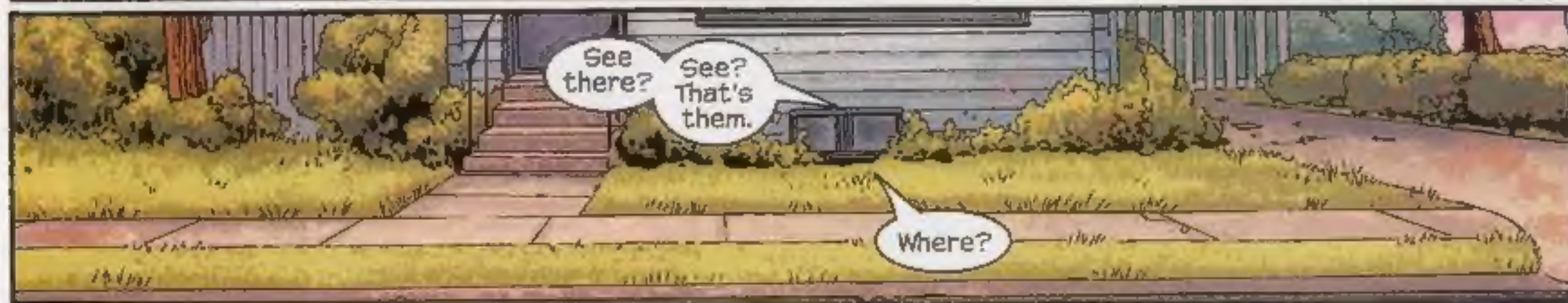
I don't like it.

Two days of nothing and all of a sudden... Queens.

Your call. The other trucks are waiting.



Queens...



See there?

See? That's them.

Where?



There.

Where?

Where?

The diaper trucks?

Diaper trucks.

Right in front of your house.

Right there.



That's who did that to you?

That's who carved me up.



Oh, my God!!

Why are diaper deliverymen trying to kill you?



That a joke just then?

Kinda.

Don't.

Well, it's how I deal with life, and I don't know what is going on so--



Truth said, I don't know who they are-- but they're military. Black Ops.

But whose military? That's the question there.

And if they followed me *here* that means I'm officially being tracked.

Hunted.

Not a thing I take *kindly* to.

Well, I'm *not* joking when I say that them attacking you *here*...

...at my house...

...where I live...

...is *not* a good thing.

And, by the way, it will certainly *not* help me in my ongoing efforts to keep my identity as Spider-Man a *secret*.



Will you help me out of here?

I want you out of here.

Do you need to put on your little costume to do it?

Do I make fun of your hair?



Listen, I'm going to do something here that might upset ya.

But I want ya to go with it and just get me the *hell* out of here as fast as you can.

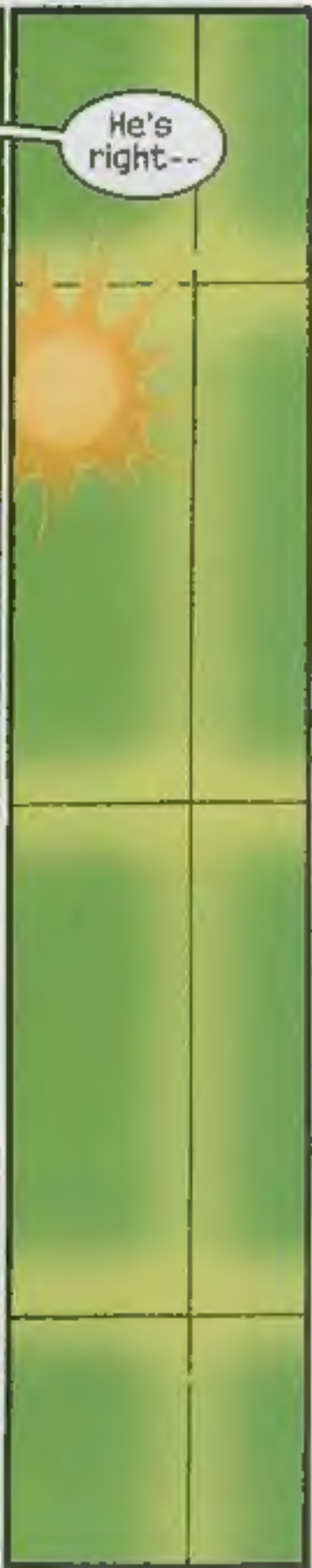
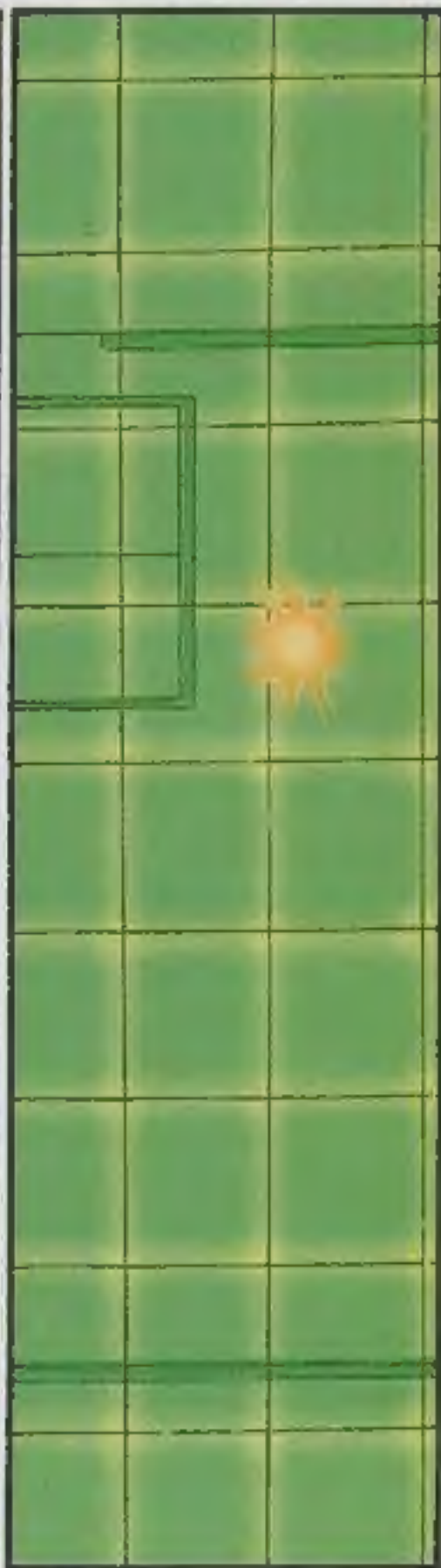
Okay?



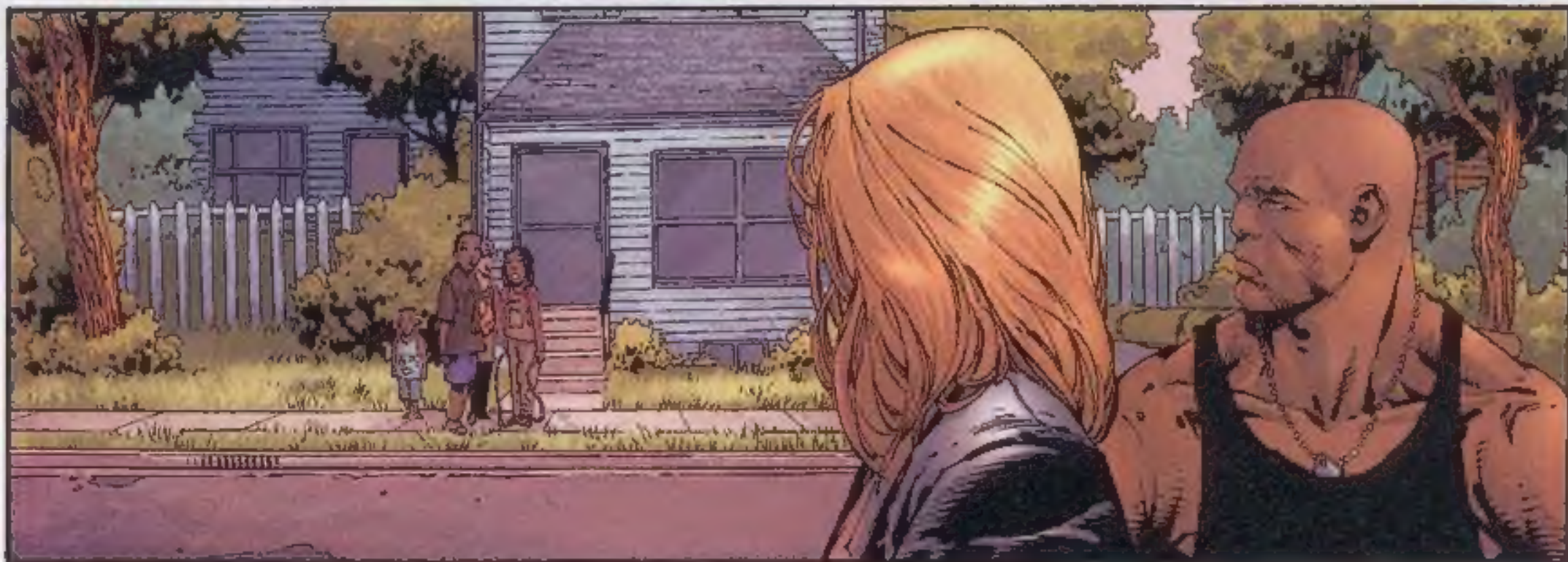
I don't know exactly what you've heard, but I'm not that *easily* upset over--

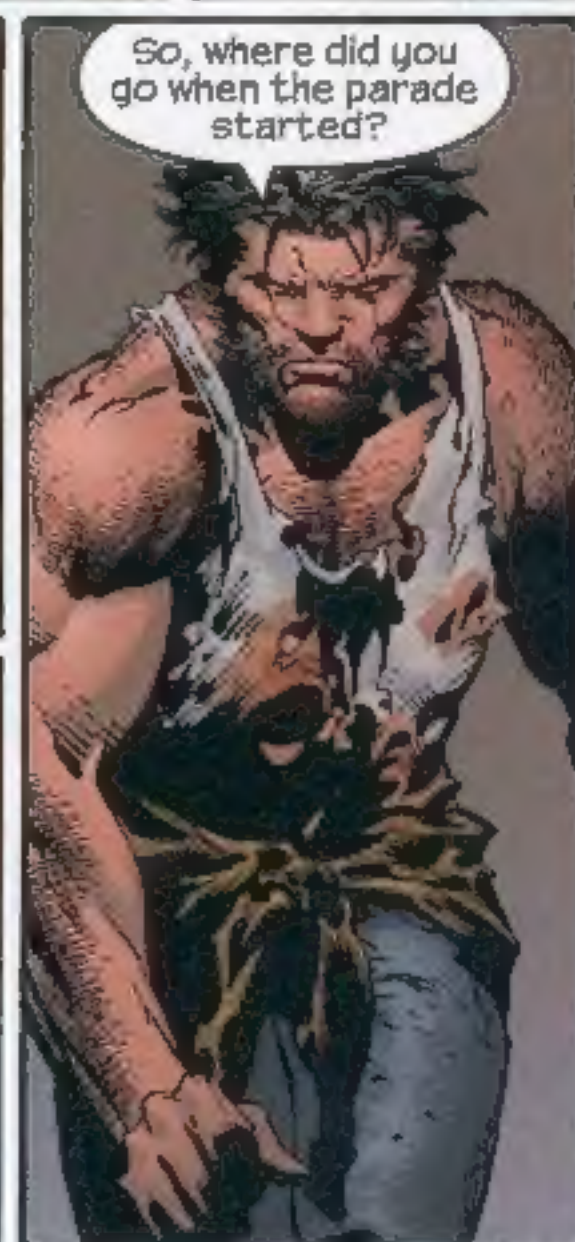
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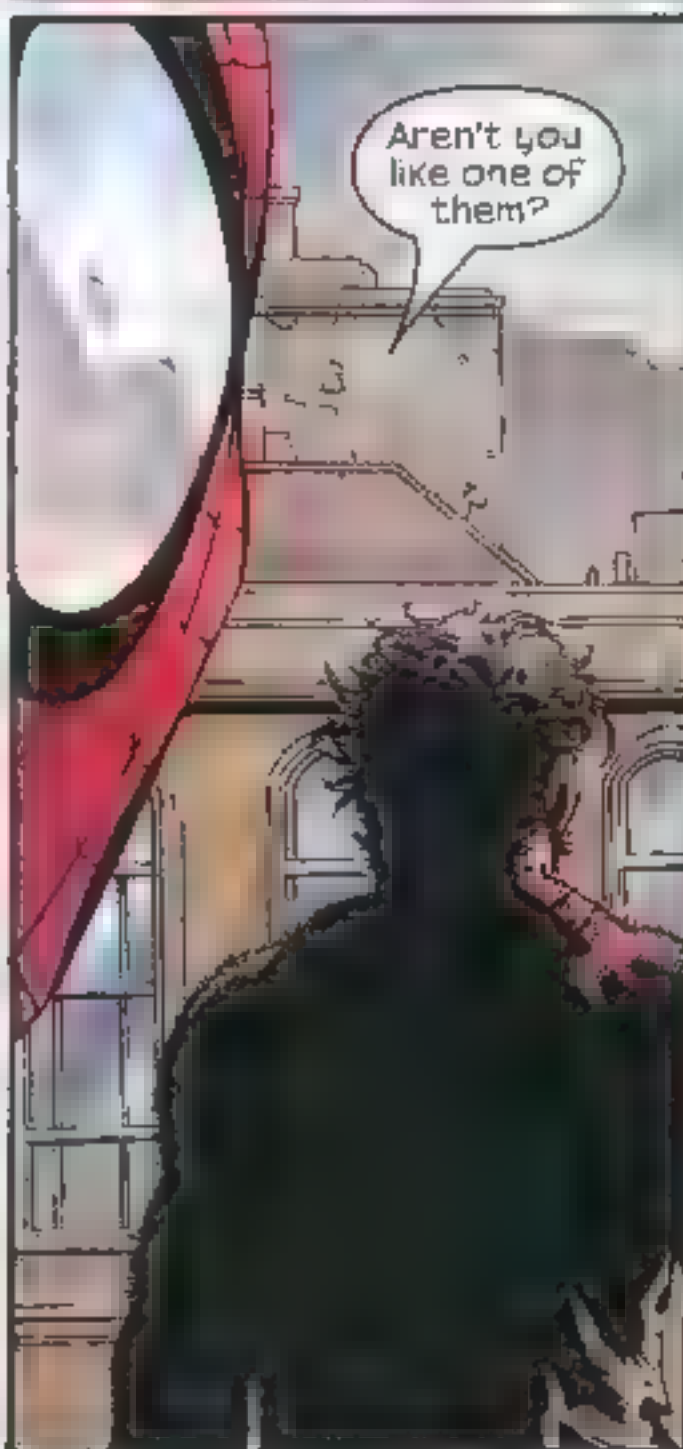
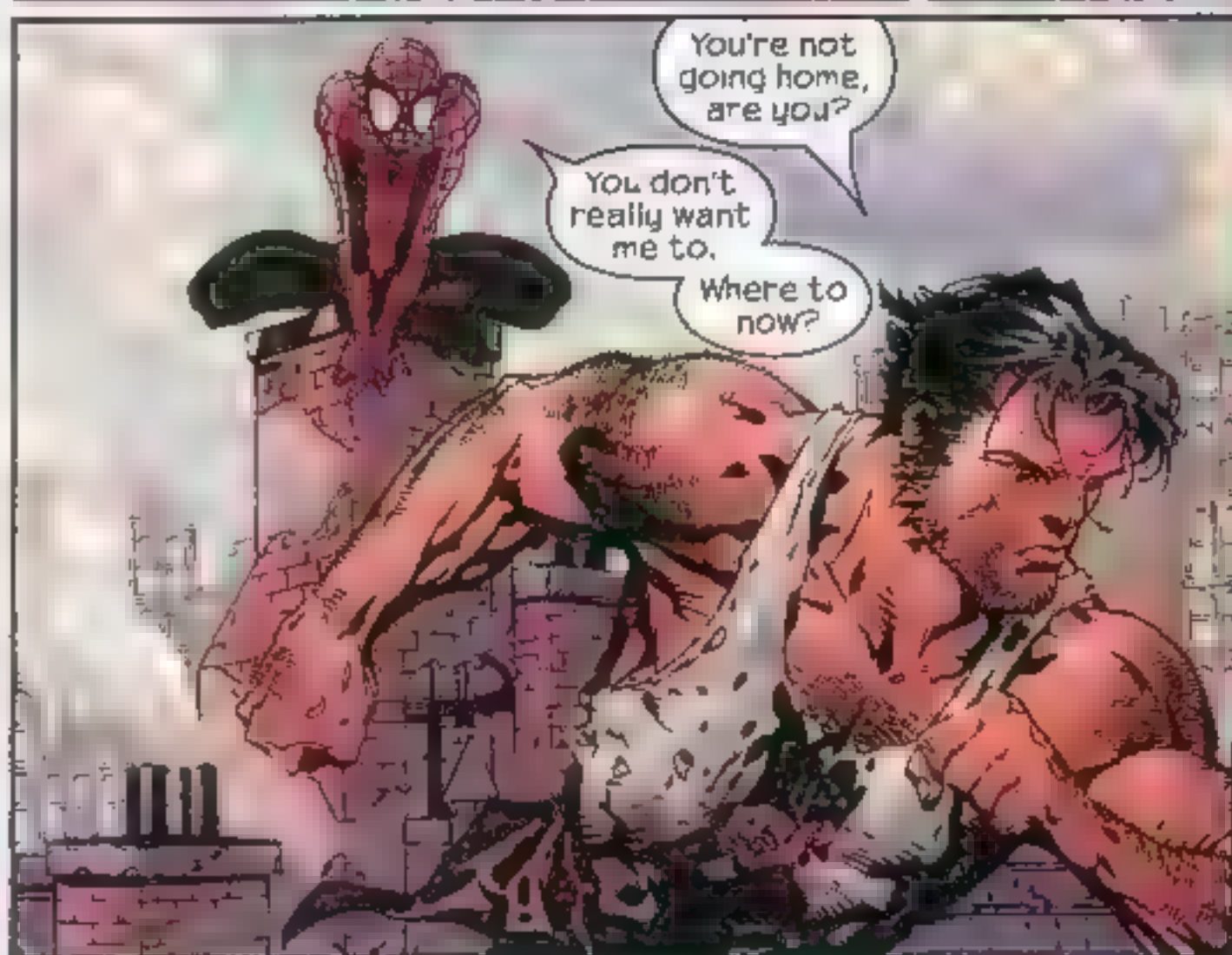


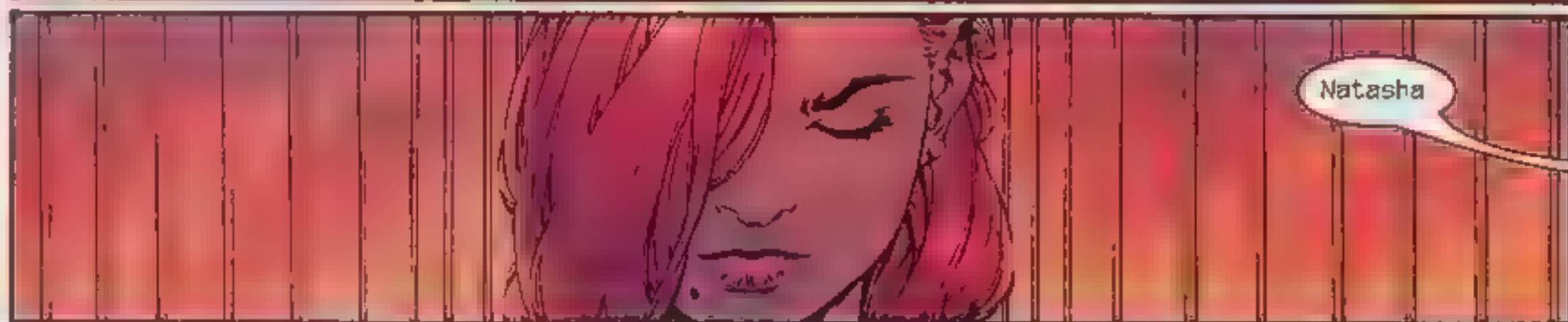
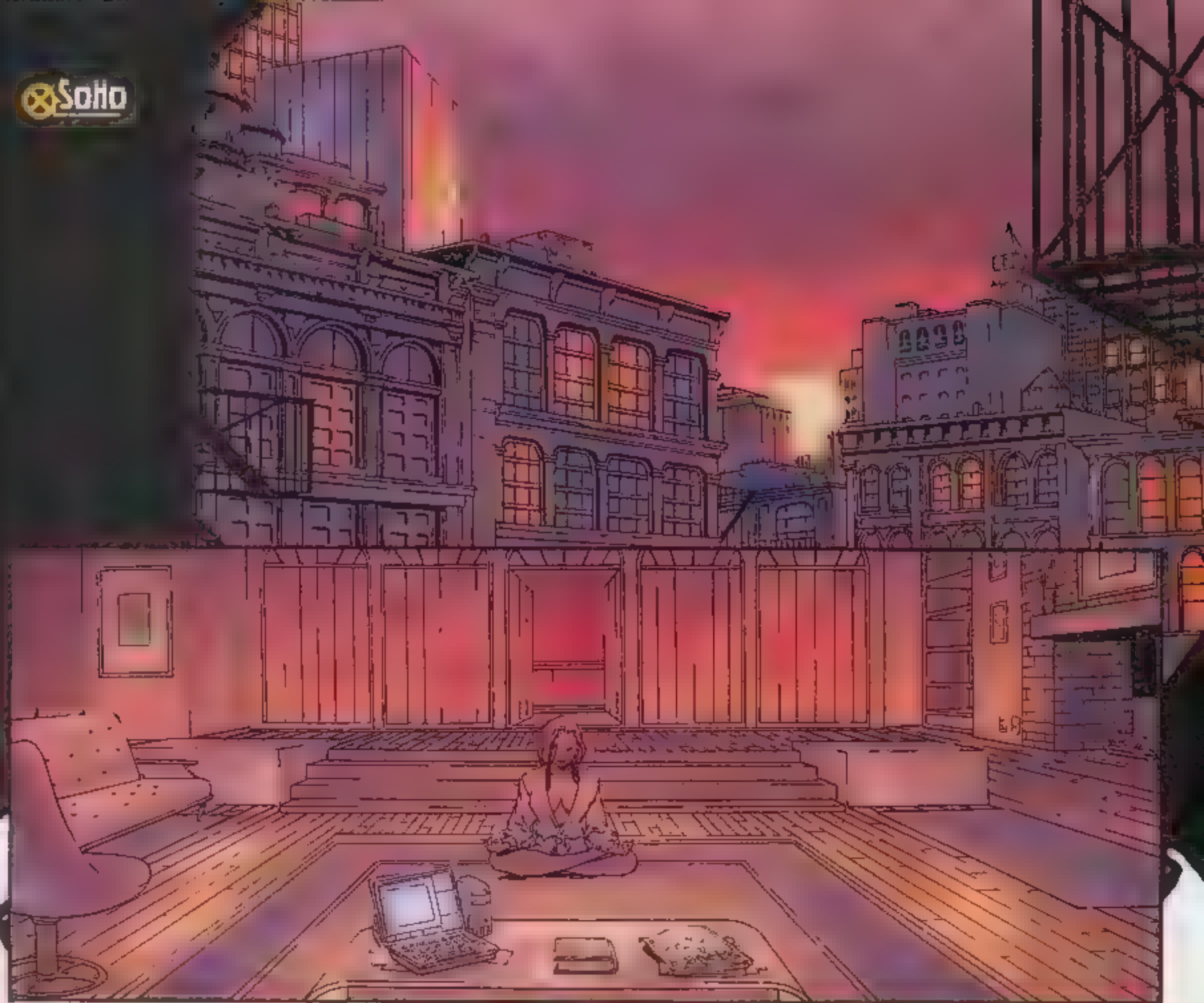




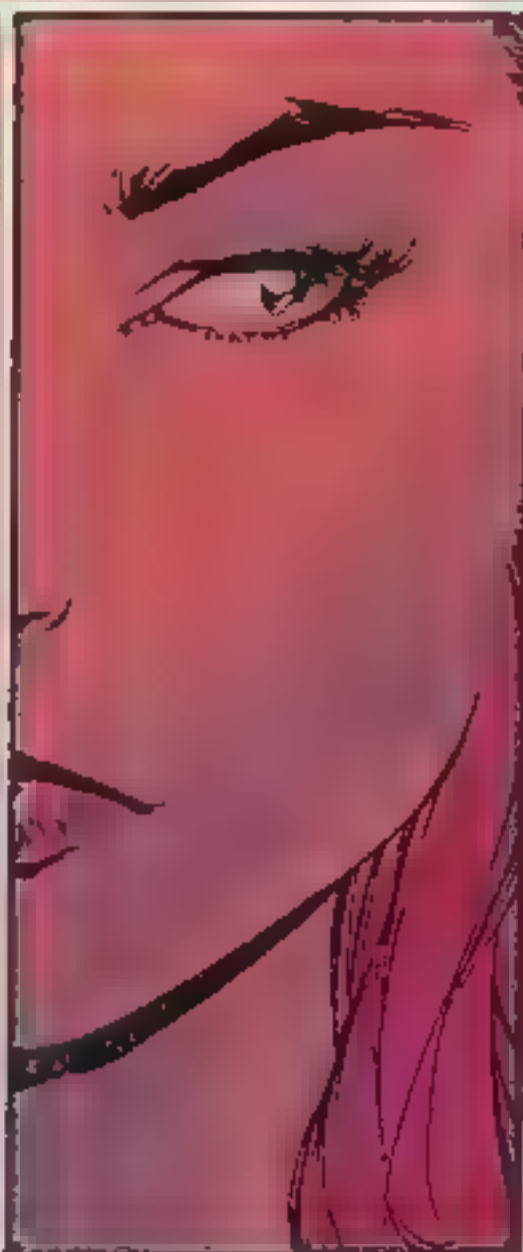
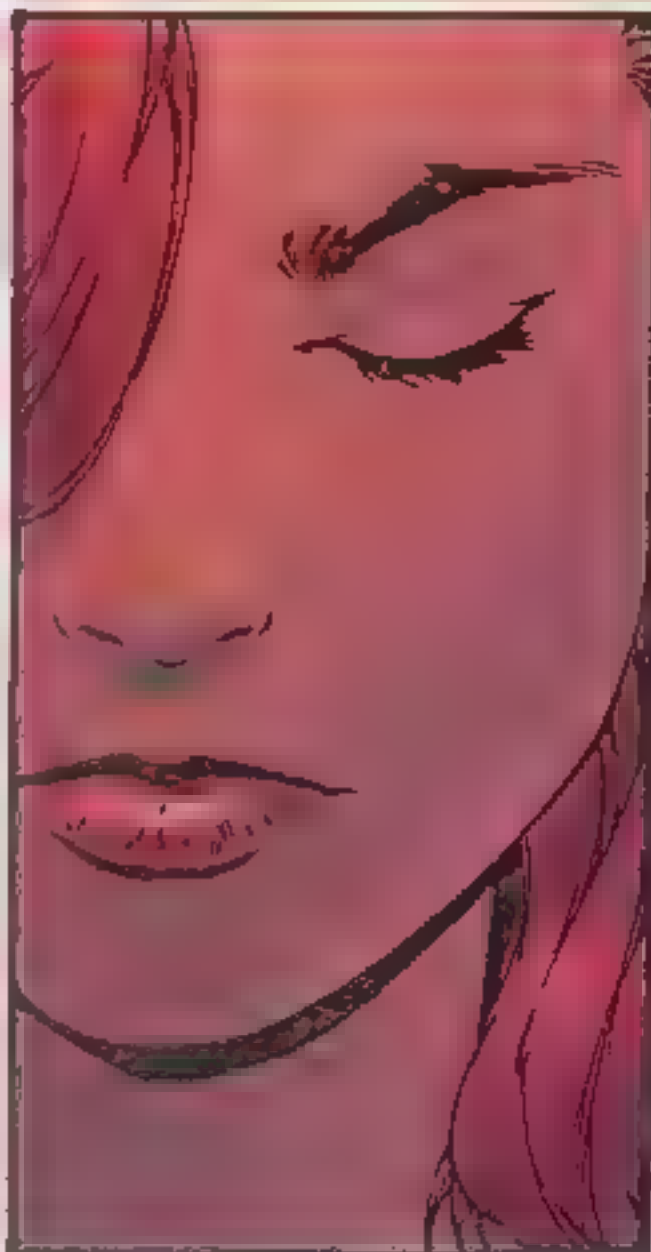








Natasha



I need
your help.

Sorry for
the intrusion,
Natasha.

That's
pretty
funny

How is it
funny?

You being
apologetic

That's
funny

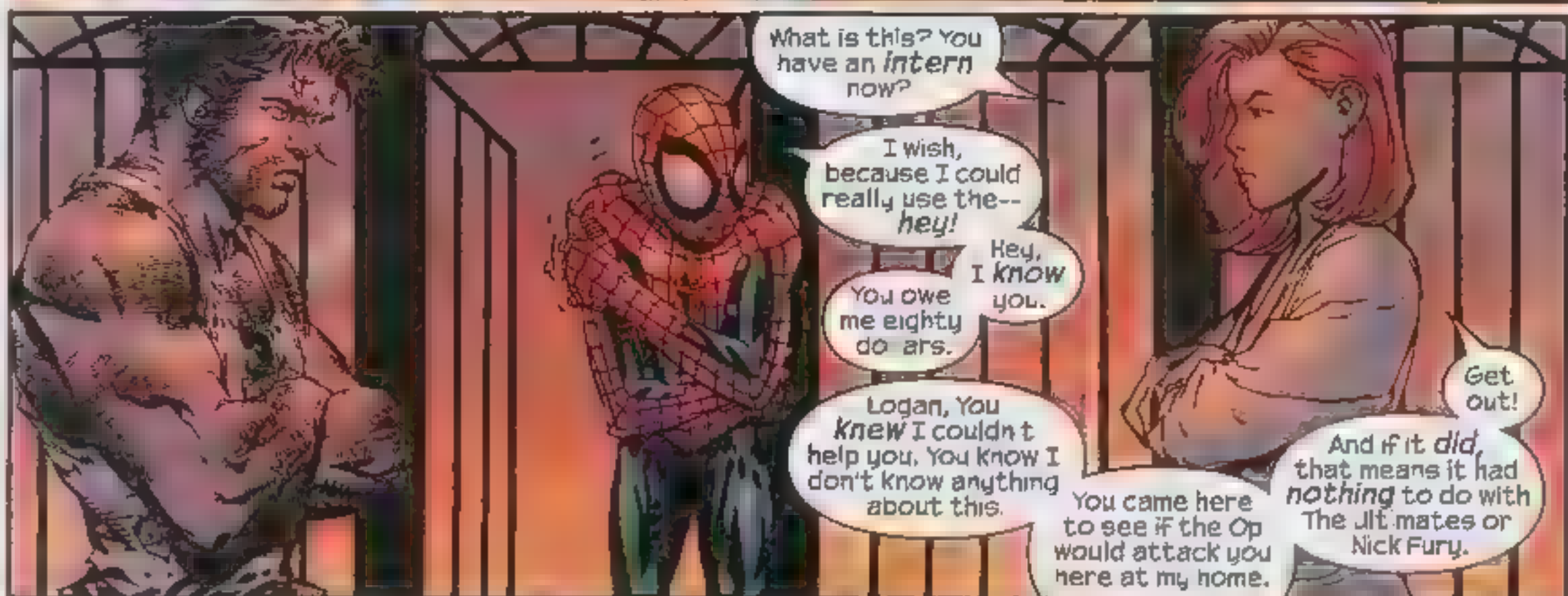


But you, of all people, would *know* this.

So, why are you *really* here?

Um, are you guys almost done being cryptic, because I'm freezing.

Then go home.



What is this? You have an *intern* now?

I wish, because I could really use the--
hey!

You owe me eighty dollars.

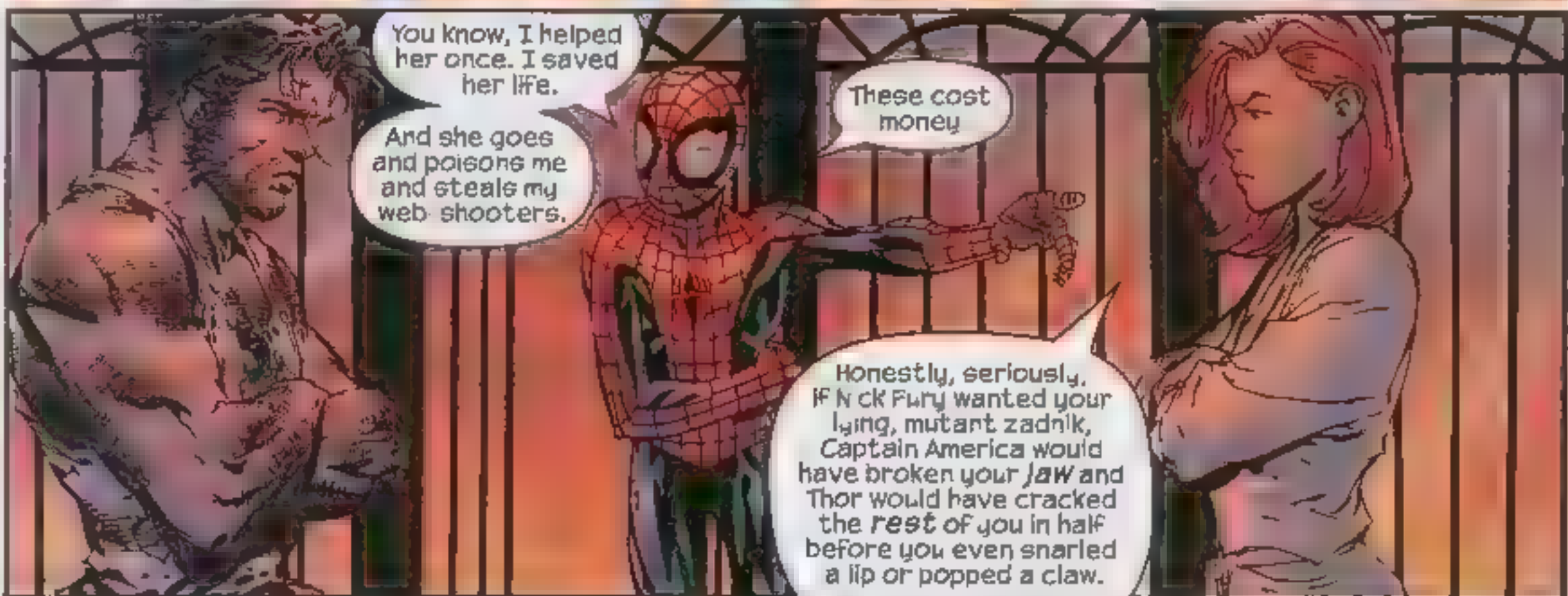
Hey, I *know* you.

Logan, You *knew* I couldn't help you. You know I don't know anything about this.

You came here to see if the Op would attack you here at my home.

Get out!

And if it *did*, that means it had *nothing* to do with The Ultimates or Nick Fury.

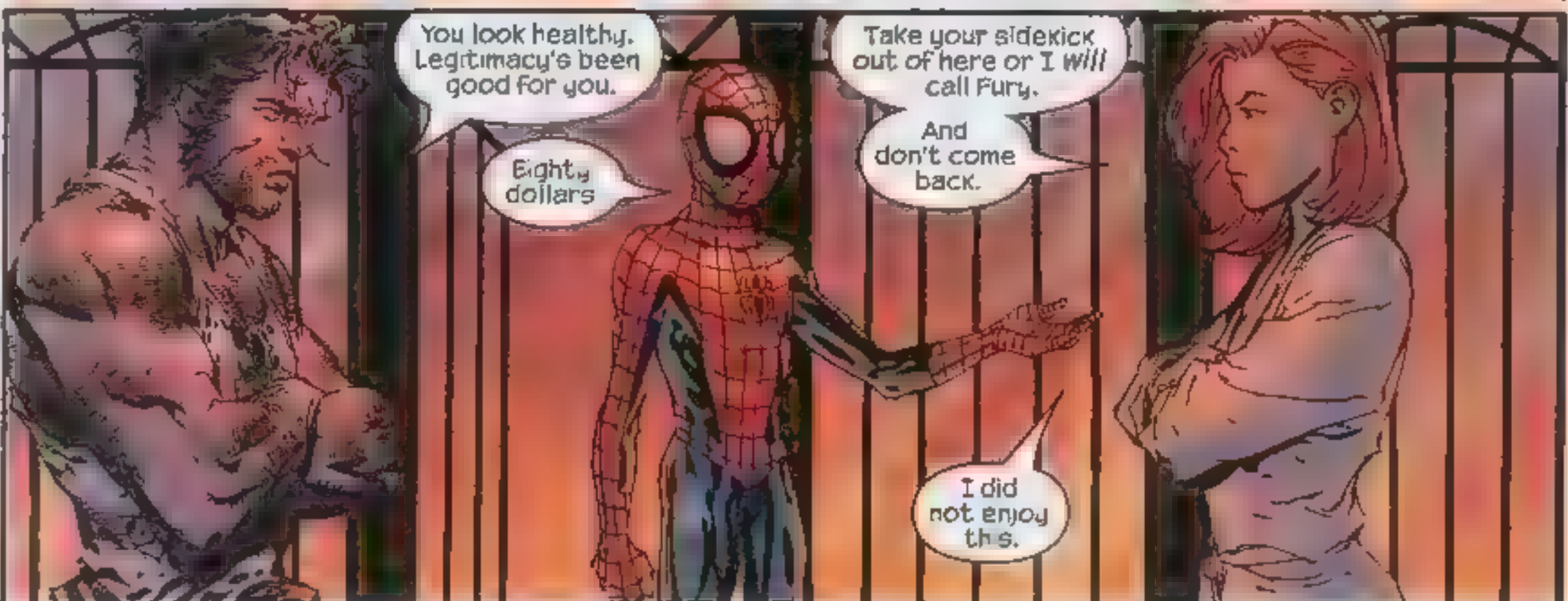


You know, I helped her once. I saved her life.

And she goes and poisons me and steals my web shooters.

These cost money

Honestly, seriously, if Nick Fury wanted your lying, mutant zadnik, Captain America would have broken your *JAW* and Thor would have cracked the *rest* of you in half before you even snarled a lip or popped a claw.



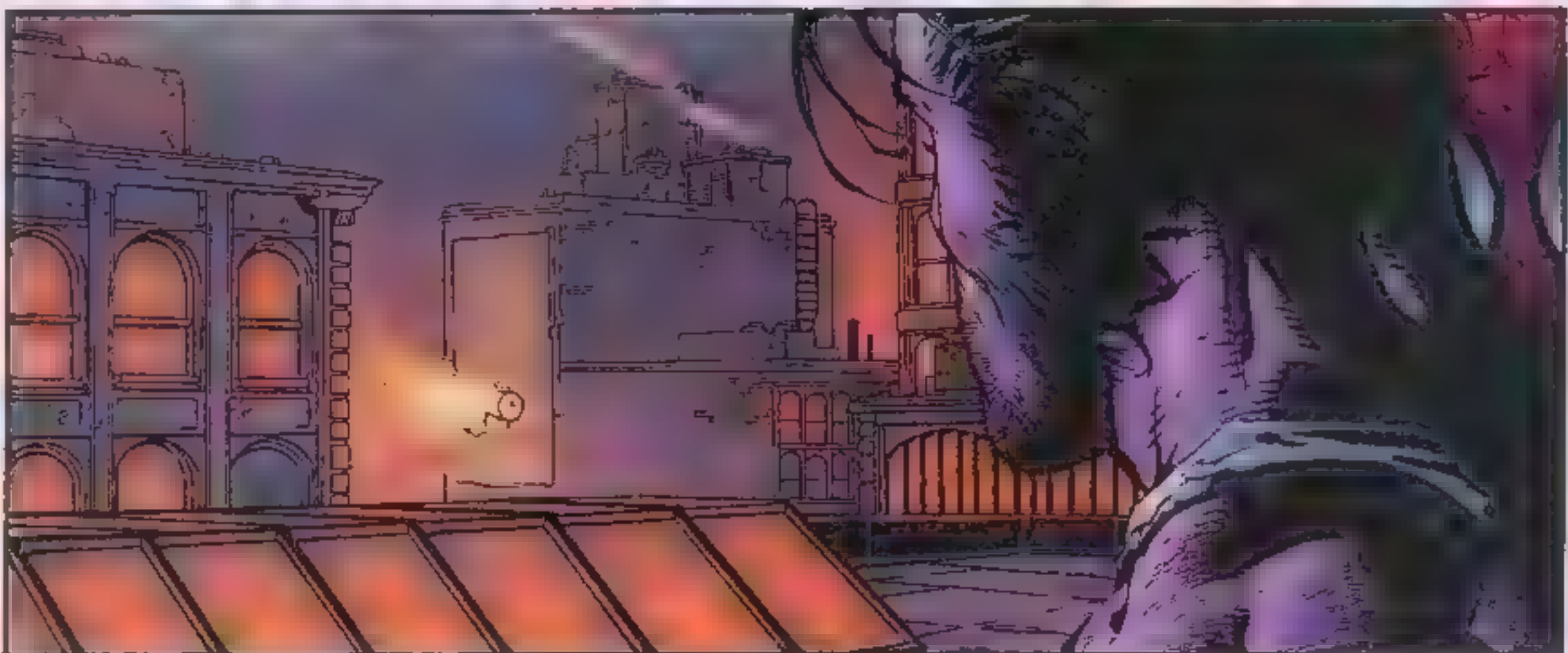
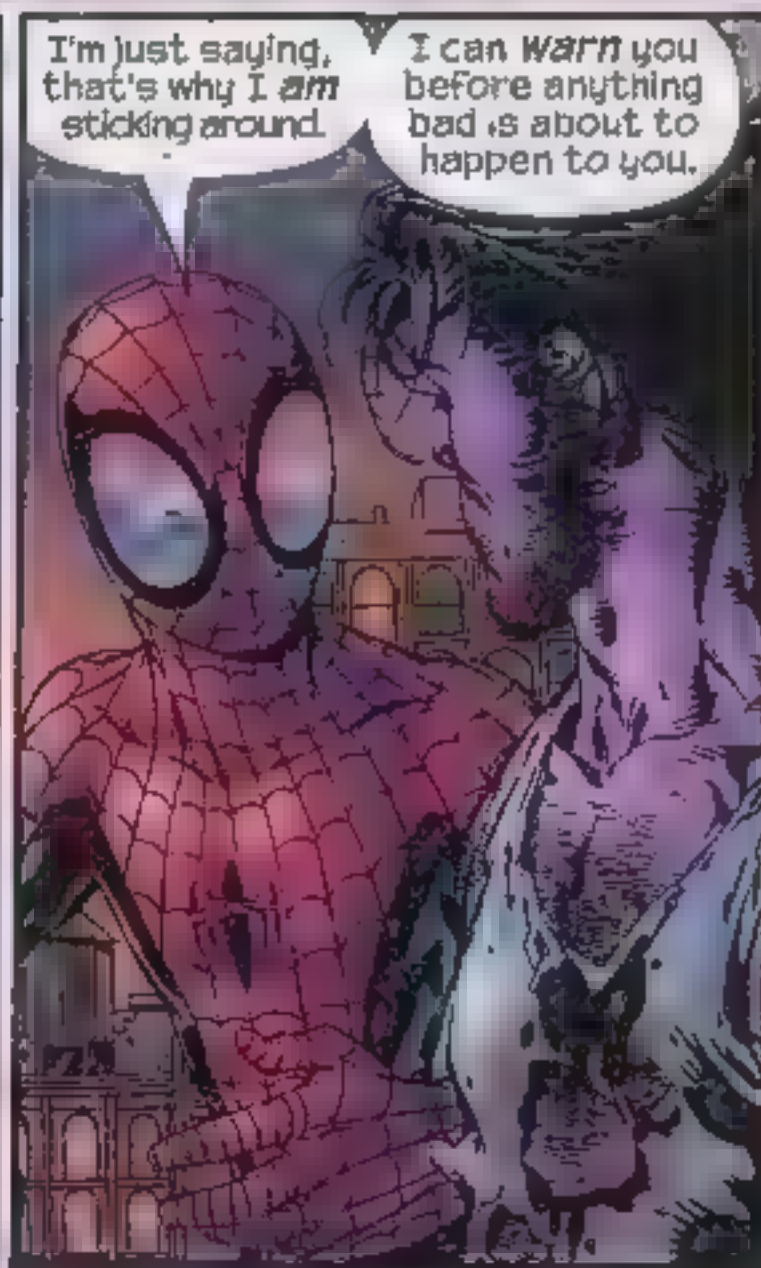
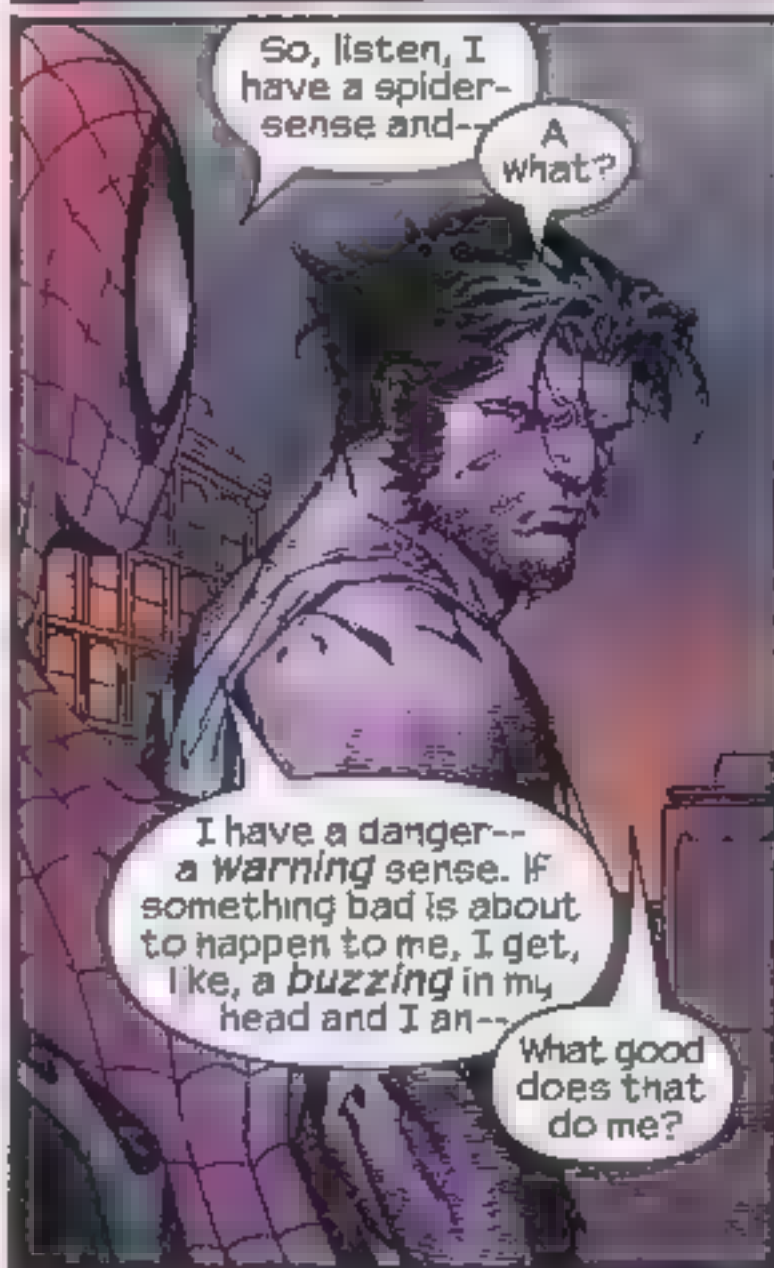
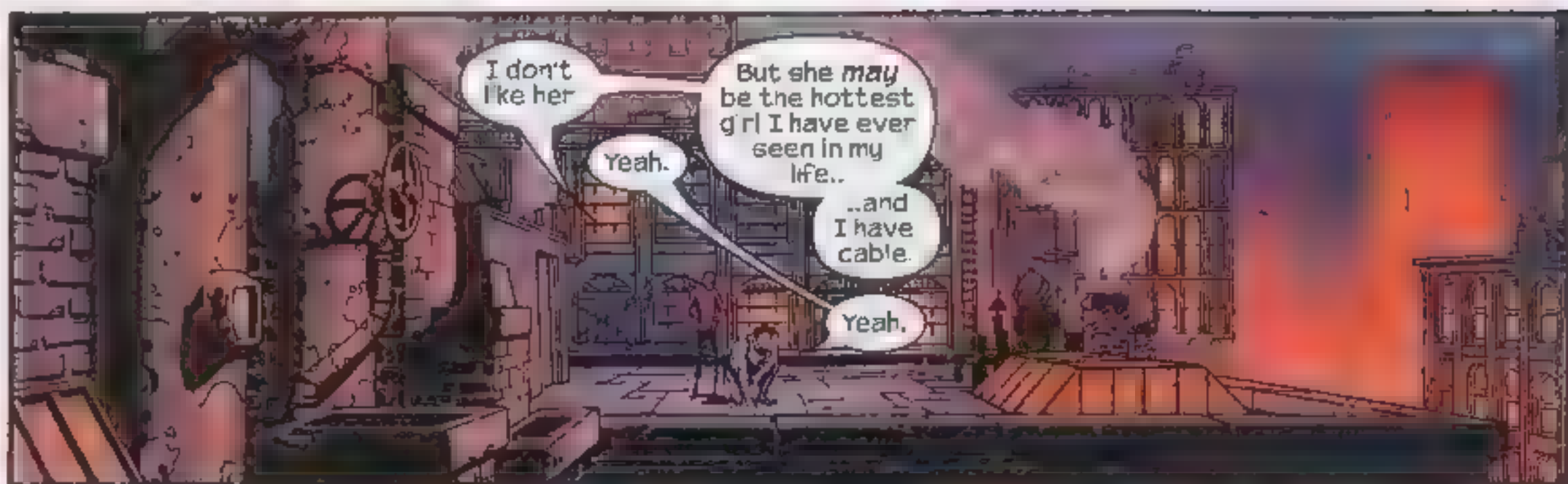
You look healthy. Legitimacy's been good for you.

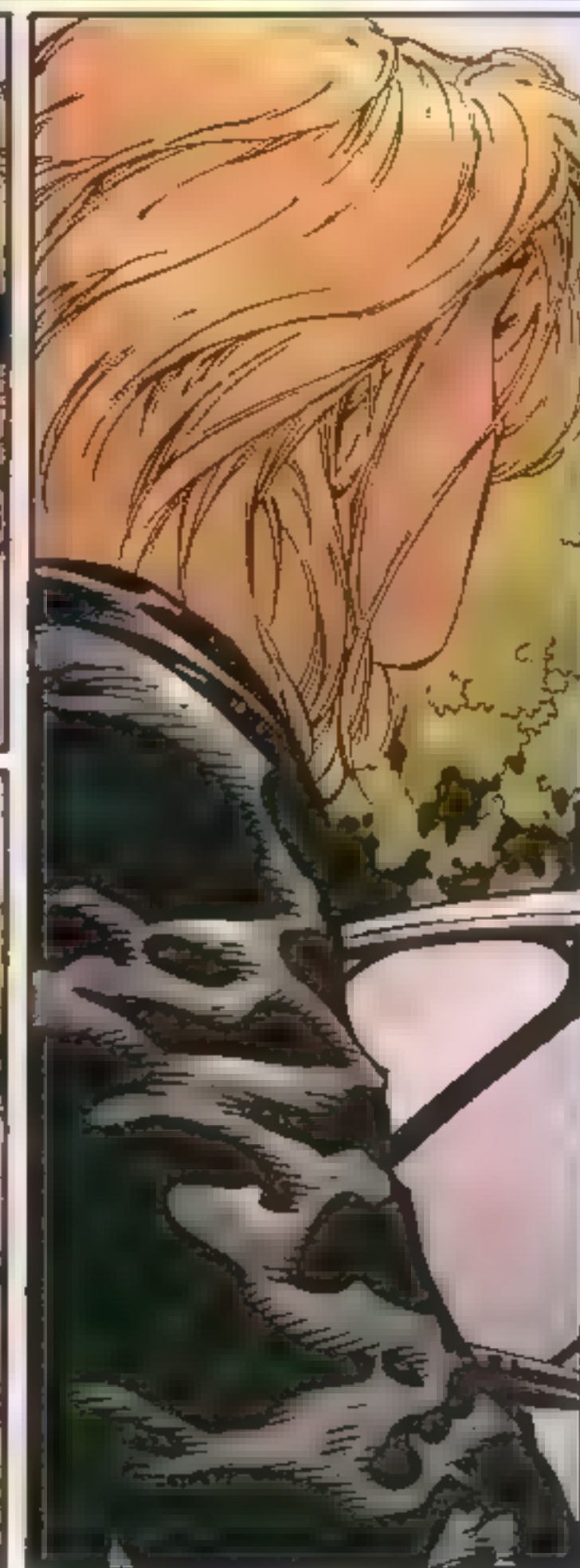
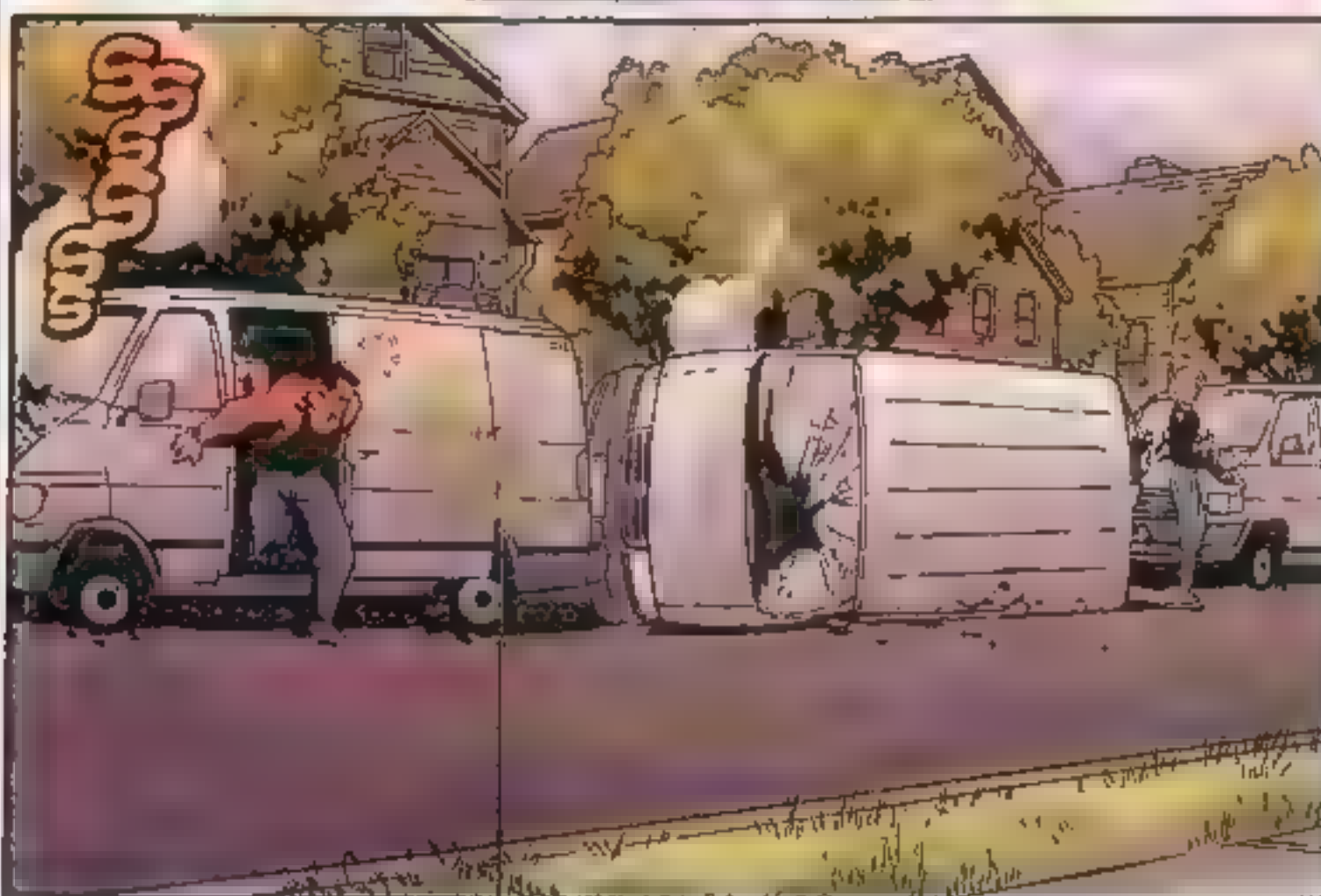
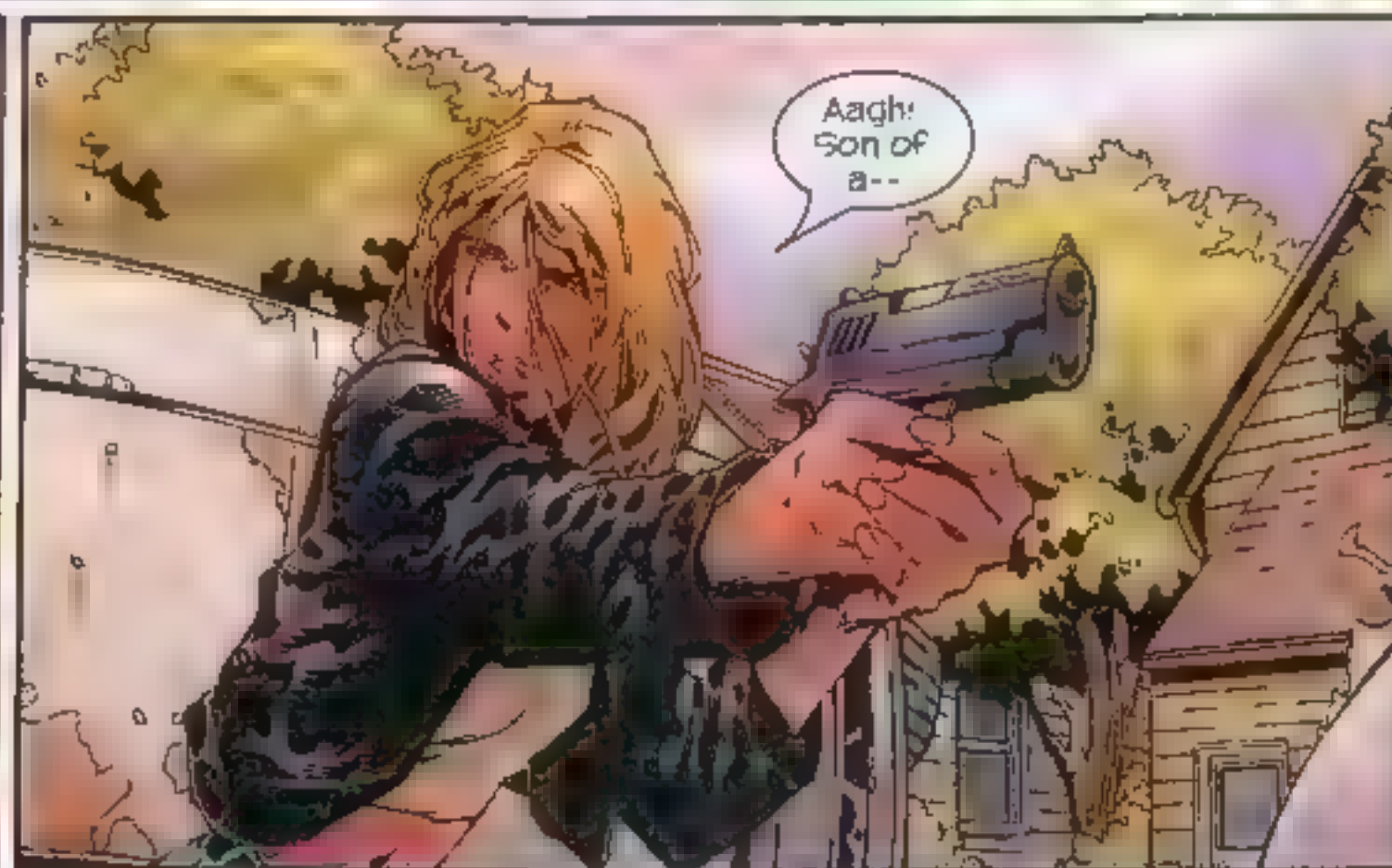
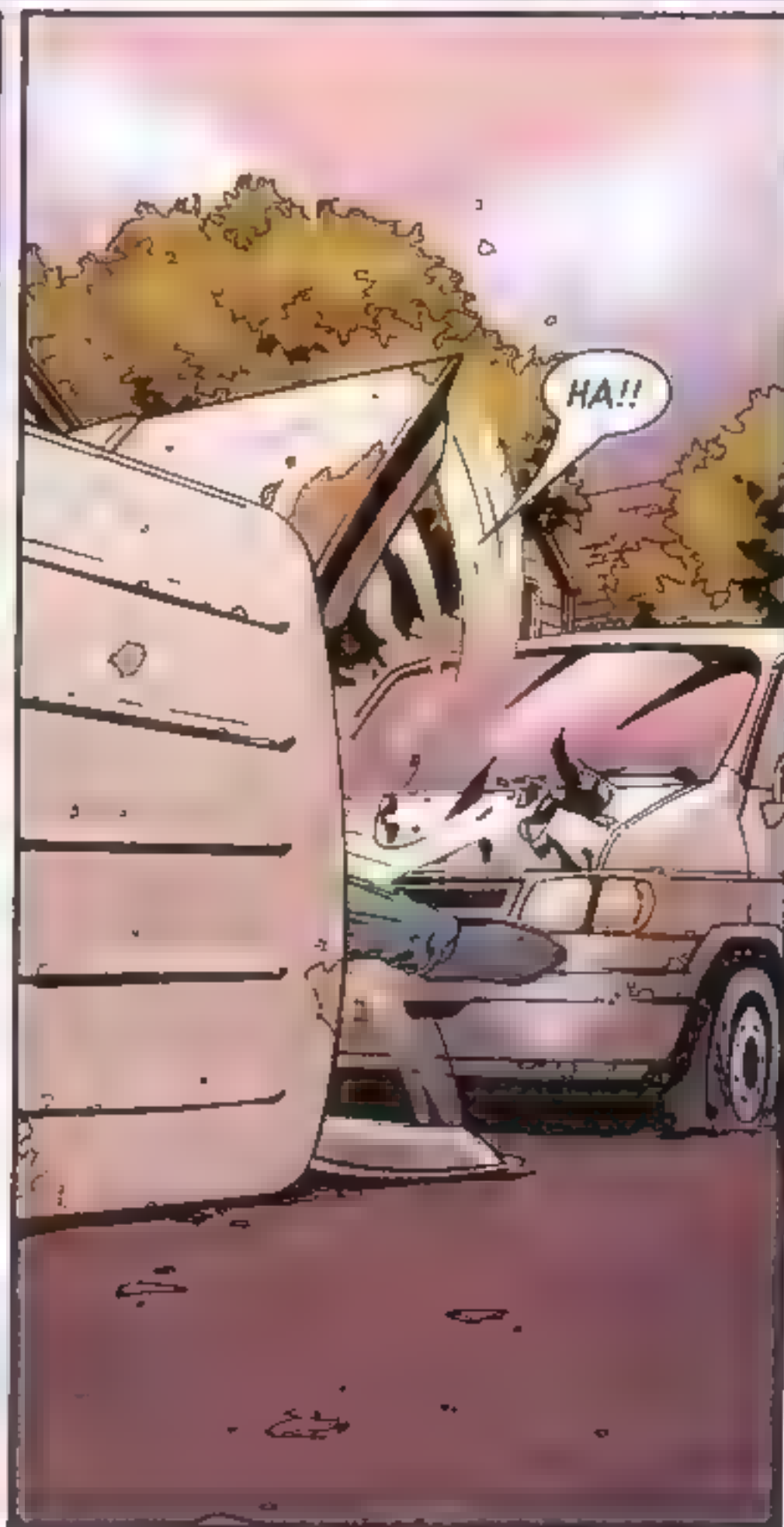
Eighty dollars

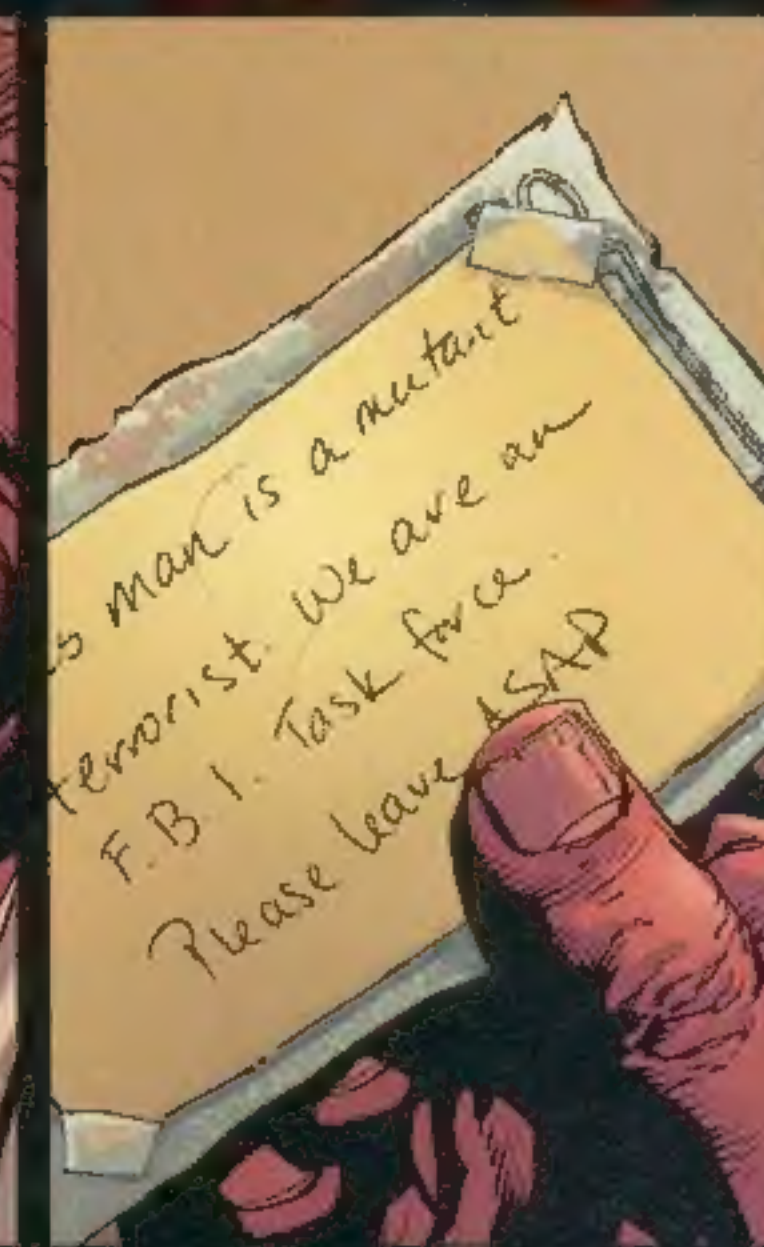
Take your sidekick out of here or I *will* call Fury.

And don't come back.

I did not enjoy this.









A-a-and then I *call* the F.B.I. to see who's going to pay for what they did to my life...

...no one knows what I am *talking* about!!

No one even came here to listen to my story or nothing.

The cops came, but the Feds... where are these Feds?

I mean, you're fine and my life is *over!!!*



Run away.



So we're clear, me and you... you're *not* a mutant terrorist now, right?

I'm not insinuating that you have a personality that *could* be mistaken for that of a mutant terrorist...



But then again, if you were a mutant terrorist now on the run from the F.B.I. would you even tell me?

You can go home now.

Oh, yeah, I can go back to my house where we left the F.B.I. Diaper Force...

(Who weren't too happy with you before you slashed their tires and tipped over their diaper trucks.)



And who was that, that brought the F.B.I. to my house?

Who was that? I forget.

They aren't F.B.I.

They're *not* F.B.I. now.



I told you-- it's a military Op.

Trust me. They were off your street in thirty seconds.

Like they were never there.



And they're tracking you?

Yup.

How are they tracking you?



They have my Weapon X file.



Logan...



I need your help, Natasha.



It's really me.



Uh-huh. See, I thought it was really you until you just said that.



I only said it because I know how you ex-intelligence/Black Ops S.H.I.E.L.D. agents think.



How long were we a couple?



I say five days, you probably say seven.



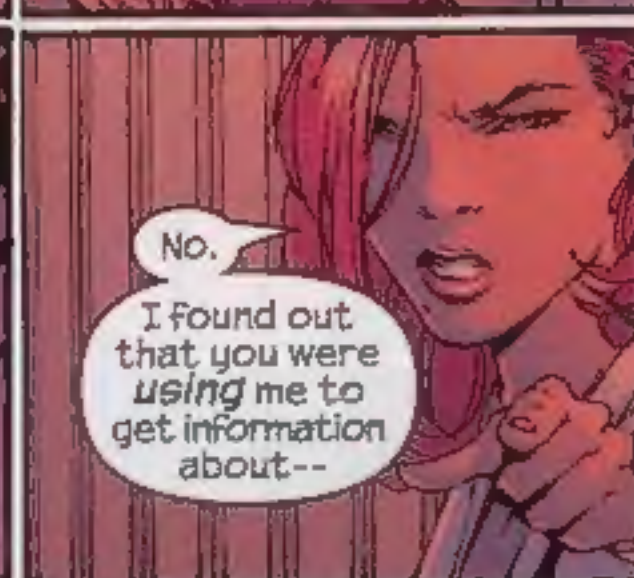
How did we meet?



Why did we split?



We found out about the "real us".



No. I found out that you were using me to get information about--



Like I said-- the real us.



And look at us now.



Look at you now.

The Black Widow. Nick Fury's secret weapon.



Look at you now.

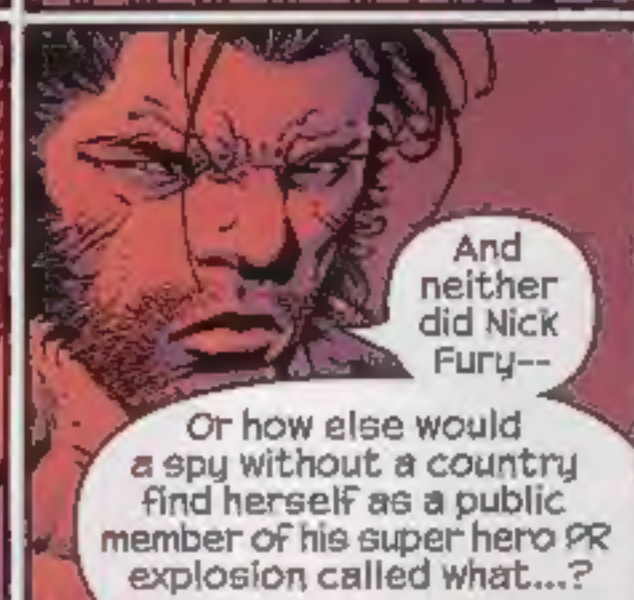


Famous and infamous.

The world famous X-Men making the world a better place for human and mutantkind alike.

If The X-Men were a boy band, you would be the dark, brooding one.

I guess Charles Xavier never heard of a history check.



And neither did Nick Fury--

Or how else would a spy without a country find herself as a public member of his super hero PR explosion called what...?



The Ultimates.



The ultimate what?



Ultimate Ultimates.

It's a fine idea, well executed. And I'm very--



It's nothing but politics and PR and well beneath ya, but that's not why I came here.



Yes, you came asking for help and did so by insulting me.



They already tagged me once, ripped me up as bad as anyone ever has. There's a military Op that is tracking and hunting me.



In public. They're up my nose now.



They used ammo that left no shrapnel.

They said they were Feds.



Well, I do not know anything about it.



I've done a lot of bad things to a lot of bad people.

Yeah.

It's hard to put a finger on this.

Logan, I swear-- I don't know anything about it.



Does your boss?



Why would Nick Fury be--



I don't think it's him, I think he might know who it is.



If he did, he wouldn't tell me.



But you're the Ultimate Black Widow.



If there's a secret Op to get you, it wouldn't be a secret if he told me to tell you, now would it?





⊗ To be continued...